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1	8,935	18			8,615
2	8,733	19	Sunday		16,550
3	8,751	20			8,553
4	8,681	21			8,731
5	Sunday	16,400	22		8,565
6	8,561	23			8,659
7	8,555	24			8,561
8	8,564	25			8,649
9	8,556	26	Sunday		16,500
10	8,573	27			8,631
11	8,581	28			8,625
12	Sunday	16,487	29		8,617
13	8,587	30			8,685
14	9,135	31			8,771
15	8,563				
16	8,599	Total daily			233,580
17	8,606	Total, Sun			65,737

Average daily 8,651
Average Sunday 16,434

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Snow and warmer.

THE METALS.

Silver, 55½c per ounce.
Copper (cathodes), 13⅜c per pound:
Lead, $3.75 per 100 pounds.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

President Roosevelt's special message to congress is perhaps the most remarkable of its kind that has ever been presented to the country; it is full of plain speaking. It is evident that the president has been goaded by Wall street and other agencies beyond the point of endurance. Generally speaking, there is not a great deal in the message that was not known before, or that has not been disclosed in the president's former preachments.

He has said many times that malefactors of great wealth should be punished; that trusts should be broken up when their operations come within the scope of the Sherman anti-trust act, and that all violators of the law, whatever their wealth or standing, should feel the weight of the law's displeasure. A really sensational feature of the message is the copy of a letter from the general freight and traffic manager of the Santa Fe railway to the auditor of the company, in which it is clearly shown that rebates were paid by the railroad to the Associated Oil company of that state, in violation of the California statute which makes rebating a felony.

The authenticity of the letter is not denied by the railroad people; their only claim is that the document was stolen. The man who is now auditor of the railroad says that he cannot deny that the letter was written, although he does deny that he ever saw it. He has heard, however, that his predecessor had received it. This is the president's method of getting back at President Ripley of the Santa Fe, who has been commenting severely upon the president's attitude on the payment of rebates by transcontinental roads. In this comment Mr. Ripley said that he personally never knew anything about rebates being granted by his road.

A striking feature of President Roosevelt's message is this statement:

"I think that the federal government must also assume a certain measure of control over the physical operation of railways in the handling of interstate traffic. * * * * It must also have authority to determine the conditions upon which cars shall be interchanged between different interstate railways. It is also probable that the commission should have authority in particular instances to determine the schedules upon which perishable commodities shall be moved."

There is in this proposition a very long step toward the government ownership of the railroads of the country. It certainly is only a short step from government control of the physical operation of trains to government ownership. For the government to enact a statute giving it the right to control train schedules and operating matters of that character is practically to turn the roads over to the government without compensation. It is hardly probable that such a law will be passed or that it could be enforced if it were passed.

Mr. Roosevelt vigorously denies the charge, often made, that his administration is responsible for the unsettled conditions.

"I do not for a moment believe," he says, "that the actions of this administration have brought on business distress so far as this is due to local and not world-wide causes, and to the actions of any particular individual. It is due to the speculative folly and flagrant dishonesty of a few men of great wealth who seek to shield themselves from the effects of their own wrongdoing by ascribing its results to the actions of those who have sought to put a stop to the wrongdoing. But if it were true that to cut out rottenness from the body politic meant a momentary check to an unhealthy seeming prosperity, I should not for one moment hesitate to put the knife to the corruption.

"On behalf of all our people, on behalf no less of the honest man of means than of the honest men who earn each day's livelihood by that day's sweat of their brow, it is necessary to insist upon honesty in business and politics alike in all walks of life, in big things and little things, upon just and fair dealing as between man and man."

The dispatches say the message of the president was received in congress with many manifestations of approval. In the upper house Senator Davis of Arkansas moved that 10,000 copies be printed as a public document; he declared it to be the best Democratic doctrines he has ever heard emanating from a Republican source. His motion was agreed to.

In the house the Democrats joined in the applause, for they appreciated, too, the value of this message as a Democratic campaign document. Generally speaking, the message is pretty sound Democratic doctrine. Mr. Roosevelt advocates many things that the Democratic party has long advocated. Indeed, it is easy to believe that Mr. Bryan, in his recent conference with Mr. Roosevelt at the White House, a conference that lasted a long time, suggested some of the salient points in the message.

And if anything further is needed to convince the country that President Roosevelt is not a candidate for another nomination, it would be found in this remarkable document. For, after such straight-from-the-shoulder talk he could hardly hope to secure the support of the men who own, operate and control the Republican party.

END OF THE THAW CASE.

The trial of Harry Thaw, who murdered Stanford White in the roof garden of the Madison Square theatre, New York, nearly two years ago, came to an end yesterday about noon, when the jury found the defendant not guilty on the ground of insanity. He was at once ordered sent to the Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane. There he will spend the balance of his days, unless later on some successful effort should be made to bring about his release.

Thaw has been quoted as saying that he preferred the electric chair to committal to this asylum, and it is not unnatural that he should do so. Nothing could be more horrible than the prospect of lifelong imprisonment in an institution of that character. To see day after day the same gibbering lunatics; to be possessed at every waking by the fear that in a moment of insanity one's life may be taken by a maniac, is a punishment that is worse than death.

We do not believe the sanest, coolest man that ever lived could endure such confinement long without becoming insane himself. So for a time the Thaw case is ended. Stanford White is fully avenged. It is to be hoped that the entire matter will now be put out of the public mind forever. At the same time, it is a source of satisfaction to know from this procedure that it is not always possible for criminal defendants who have abundant means at their disposal to escape justice.

Certainly everything that could be done for Thaw was done, at least as far as money could bring it about. The best lawyers his family could procure were procured for both trials, and there was no lack of means with which to unearth evidence favorable to the defense. On the other hand, District Attorney Jerome saw to it that the machinery of the state was used most effectively. The result of the trial cannot be regarded otherwise than as a distinct triumph for the prosecutor.

TOO MUCH BLOW.

(Boston Post.)

Captain Watt, of the record-breaking Lusitania, was talking about machinery.

"Machinery is delicate stuff," he said, "and the amateur is wise to let it alone. You know about the man who blew down the gas meter?"

"No."

"Well, at the club one night, a certain man complained bitterly about his gas bills.

"'Hang it all,' he said, 'my bills are something enormous. I'm sure I don't burn all that gas. The company, consarn it, is cheating me.'

"A friend spoke up and said:

"'Look here, do you want to know how to get the better of the gas compaiy?'

"'Gee, I just do,' exclaimed the man.

"'Then,' said the friend, blow down the meter. Every night, before you turn in, blow down the meter. The meter, you know, is full of little wheels, all turning, turning, piling up big bills against you every time you light the gas. But just blow down the pipe and—'

"The friend gave a loud laugh at the delightful thought.

"'Just blow down the pipe, and—he, ha, ha—all the little wheels will turn the other way.'

"The man thanked his friend for this good and valuable advice, went straight home, and blew a long and powerful blast down the pipe of the gas meter, before retiring. He did this every night. Not once did he forget, the last thing before going to bed, to blow down the meter with terrific force.

"Well, in due course, at the month's end, the inspector came.

"The man welcomed the inspector a trifle nervously, and hung about the cellar door to hear what the fellow would have to say after his inspection.

"The inspector emerged from the cellar studying a column figures with a puzzled frown. He looked up at the master of the house and said in a strange voice:

"'Well, Mr. Smith, I don't know what the dickens has been happening to your meter, but the company owes you $34.17.'"

Shelby Moore Cullom

BY SAVOYARD.

They used to call James Buchanan "the old public functionary," because of his thirty-nine years of officeholding, beginning with his service in the Seventeenth congress and ending with the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as president of the United States. He served in both houses of congress. He was our minister to two first-class foreign courts. He was secretary of state in the cabinet of James K. Polk, and he was the fifteenth president of the United States.

But during the last fifty-five years Shelby M. Cullom has held office more than fifty years, beginning as city attorney of Springfield, Ill., and culminating in a service in the United States senate longer than that of any other man who ever held the commission of Illinois as a member of that body. From city attorney, Cullom went to the legislature, of which body he was speaker one term. Then he was in congress for three terms—1865-71. In 1876 he was elected governor of Illinois and was re-elected in 1880, resigning in 1883 to succeed David Davis as a senator in congress, of which body he is yet a member after a lapse of a quarter of a century, and his present lease will not expire until 1913. He is one of the less than a dozen men who have been given five terms in the senate.

In the first half of the last century Kentucky gave to Illinois two citizens, each of whom became governor of his adopted state and United States senator from the same—John M. Palmer, a Jackson Democrat, and Shelby M. Cullom, a Clay Whig. Palmer was from the heart of the blue grass, the county of Scott, and doubtless got political inspiration from that grim old soldier who slew Tecumseh and served Jackson and the Democratic party so long and faithfully in both houses of congress, for which he was chosen ninth vice-president of the United States.

While yet in his teens Palmer became a citizen of Illinois, and at 22 he was called to the bar. Soon thereafter he was a judge on the bench, and in 1855 he was elected to the state senate as an anti-Nebraska Democrat, when he parted company with Douglas and joined the Republican party. Twice has there been a prolific exodus from the ranks of the Democracy, and Palmer participated in both—the first, 1854-55, when such men as Morton, Julian, Trumbull, Boutwell, our old friend General Grosvenor, and thousands of others joined with their former enemies in the anti-slavery crusade. On all other questions except slavery there has rarely got together a body of men who held more antagonistic political views than the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for president in 1860, but slavery was paramount, and on that question they were agreed as to the principle, though somewhat divided as to the policy.

Palmer, the old Democrat, was chosen elector for the state at large on the ticket of Lincoln, the old Whig. During the war he was colonel of a regiment, brigadier and major general, and saw much harder service and did much hard fighting. If the secret political and military history of Kentucky for the last eighteen months of the war were presented to this epoch, as it really existed, unknown as it was to the general public of that generation, it would fill the people with astonishment. A butcher, cruel as Alva, without his genius for war or courage for battle, was master of the state—the ever infamous Stephen G. Burbridge. A very great man was governor—Thomas E. Bramlette, a federal soldier. Burbridge caused hundreds of prisoners of war and citizens to be tried by drum-head court-martial, condemned, and executed, and General Frank Wolford, a pillar of the Union cause, went to his grave believing that it was only the interposition of chance that enabled him to escape assassination at the hands of the monster.

The correspondence between Lincoln and Bramlette on the subject of Burbridge's butcheries is a fascinating chapter in the history of the war, and whether he meant it or not, the impression was created that Governor Bramlette contemplated calling from the front every Kentucky regiment in the federal army to drive Burbridge from the state, and it is certain that he organized some thousands of militia, and it is equally certain that he was in the humor to employ them against the butcher.

Abraham Lincoln had more common sense than anybody else then in public life, and after carefully studying the situation, he relieved Burbridge of his command and appointed John M. Palmer in his stead. From that day it was civilized warfare in the state, except in some of the counties on the border of Tennessee, where the war ceased to be for the Union or the Confederacy, and degenerated until it became a work of murder and rapine.

In 1868 Palmer was elected governor of Illinois, and governor he was when the great fire of 1871 destroyed Chicago. General Sheridan came on the scene and proposed to take command and do the things to Illinois that he had done, in contempt of law and violation of the constitution, to Texas and Louisiana; but Palmer gave Sheridan and Grant to understand that Illinois was a sovereign state, and in no humor to be governed by bayonets, with the result that Sheridan subsided and left Palmer to run the show. There was the states' rights Democracy cropping out in the Republican governor.

In 1872 Palmer left the Republican party and supported Greeley, and four years later he was a pillar of the Tilden campaign in the middle west. He had got back to the Democratic camp, and in 1890, after a struggle of more than twelve weeks, when on 152 ballots he got 101 votes in joint session of the Illinois legislature, he was chosen United States senator as Democrat on the 153d ballot.

It was a national affair, the chief item of political news in every community of the union for nearly three calendar months. On the night of his election Springfield swarmed with Democrats from twenty states, all drunk with enthusiasm, and many of them pretty full of the cup that inebriates, as well as cheers. They made a progress throughout the town, and here is what they sang:

We're after Shelby Cullom next,
Cullom next, Cullom next!
We're after Shelby Cullom next;
You bet we're after Shelby!

But they didn't get Shelby. On the contrary, Shelby got them, owing to the interposition of the panic of 1893, which was laid on the Democratic party.

Palmer was a very able man, and a senator to ornament rather than to be ornamented by that great place. Not since Douglas has Illinois had as great a debater in the senate as John M. Palmer. He was always a Democrat and a doctrinaire, except on the slavery question, and when the negro was freed, then Palmer, like Chase and Julian, returned to the Democratic fold.

But Palmer was not, and could not be, a blind partisan. When the Democratic party broke pellmell for the Populist camp, he refused to follow. He got more abuse for it than he had been the object of all his life previously, and minded it not in the least.

He died in 1900 aged four score and three years, a great and an honest man, a patriot, and a statesman. Buckner, in some respects even a greater man, yet survives at even a greater age.

Shelby M. Cullom was born in 1829, and the following year his father moved from Wayne county, in the mountains of Kentucky, to Tazewell county, Illinois. Cullom was reared a Whig, and it was quite natural for him to be a Republican. He was a follower of Lincoln, John J. Hardin, Richard Yates, Dick Oglesby, Linder and other Whigs, who had also come from Kentucky. Endowed with excellent common sense, correct morals, and patient and persistent industry, Shelby M. Cullom would have gone to the front in any state of the union, and he was especially adapted to the atmosphere of the then frontier state of his adoption.

Lyman Trumbull, William J. Bryan's political mentor, was another Illinois Democrat, who served in the United States senate as a member of the Republican party. He was the author of some of the worst of the reconstruction measures, 1865-1875. But, originally a Democrat, he returned to that party in 1872, and died in the odor of party sanctity. Bryan studied law and politics under his tutelage. He served three terms in the senate, and had he, instead of Greeley, been nominated for president by the Liberal Republicans in 1872, it is quite likely that what was prophesied of him by an old citizen, when, a youth, he left the Connecticut vallage where he was born, with a light purse and a small pack containing all his chattels, and set out to teach school in Georgia—it was prophesied: "That boy will some day be president of the United States." If Frank Blair had stayed away from Cincinnati, Trumbull would have been nominated.

Stephen A. Douglas was thrice elected senator, but he died when he had served a few months more than fourteen years. John A. Logan was three times chosen senator, but he died when he had served less than a year of his third term. But Cullom has been five times returned to the senate, an honor Illinois has conferred on no other of her sons. He is not a brilliant or a showy man. Douglas, all in all, while not so able a man as Calhoun or Webster or Toombs, was perhaps the greatest debater the senate ever knew, ignorant man that he was in all branches of learning except American political history, which he knew from lid to lid as well as John Quincy Adams, whom he disastrously overthrew in a debate on the Mexican war in the house of representatives. Trumbull was a great lawyer, ranking with the leaders of the American bar. Palmer understood all the principles of our system of government, the powers and duties of the federal establishment and the delegated and reserved powers of the states. What he believed he believed with his whole heart, mind, soul and strength, and he brought a powerful intellect and a sincere conviction to support any position he might take.

But Cullom leaves doctrines to others. He is a practical man, and seeks the goal. He knows what he wants and how to get it. If he were ten years younger, it is more than likely that he would be the next president of the United States. He was a pioneer in national legislation for federal control of railroads in the interstate traffic, and his vast experience has made him one of the safest legislators in either branch of congress.

Senator Cullom is chairman of foreign affairs, a place coveted by Mr. Lodge, who is reckoned the heir, as he is the successor, of Charles Sumner. As chairman of that committee, Sumner would have engaged us in a war with England when we were ill-prepared for it, and when Boston would have fallen within a month of the beginning of hostilities; but Grant and Fish said him nay, and the senate summarily deposed him and put Simon Cameron in his place. When Mr. Lodge gets to be chairman he will delight the senate with some brilliant essays on our relations with all the world and the rest of mankind.

Senator Cullom is no Sumner, and will not get his country into hot water with any power. He is a level-headed man, always thinks before he acts, and our foreign affairs are safe in his and Bob Cousins' hands.

An Every Day Dinner

BY CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

Brown Onion Soup.
Rolled Flank Steak, Brown Gravy,
Riced Potatoes.
Scalloped Carrots. Lima Beans.
Watercress and Beet Salad.
Caramel Custards.

To make the soup, peel and cut fine four large onions. Heat three tablespoonfuls of butter or clarified beef dripping, add the onions and one scant teaspoonful of salt and cook slowly until they are of a golden brown color. Dredge in three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir often until it is moistened and lightly colored. Add gradually three cupfuls of boiling water, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Draw to one side, cover and cook very slowly for twenty minutes. Now mix smoothly with it three cupfuls of hot milk, add white pepper and more salt if necessary, and simmer for five minutes longer. If a puree is desired, rub all through a sieve and reheat.

A flank steak is a lean piece of beef weighing about two pounds and cut from the inside of the flank. It is free from bone, the grain runs lengthwise, and the whole piece is covered with a tough muscle which the butcher easily strips off. Quick cooking will not give a tender result, as we find in a sirloin steak, but it is juicy, well flavored and inexpensive, and if slowly cooked will prove tender and very palatable. Lightly score the surface on both sides with a sharp knife, rub one side with salt and pepper, sprinkle with onion juice, chopped parsley and a little thyme or savory, roll up and tie. Melt some dripping in a frying pan and in it brown the meat, turning until completely seared and colored; then transfer to a deep pan or dish—a casserole is just the thing if you have one. To the fat in the pan add a tablespoonful of flour and stir till well browned, add gradually one cupful and a half of water or stock and stir till thick and smooth. Season with salt and pepper, add one-quarter of a cupful of vinegar or claret and pour around the meat. Cover closely and place in a moderate oven for two hours. Remove the twine, lay on a hot platter and pour around the gravy.

Riced potatoes need but a moment's work when one has a potato press. After paring and boiling in salted water drain the potatoes and put through the press into a hot bowl. Season with butter, salt and pepper, add a teaspoonful or two of hot milk, then put again through the press, dropping the flakes into the dish in which they are served.

Select carrots of medium size; wash and scrape sufficient to make a pint when cooked. Boil in enough salted water to barely cover. When tender cut in half-inch dice. Make a sauce with one tablespoonful of butter cooked with one tablespoonful of flour for three minutes; add one-half of a cupful of the water in which they were boiled and one-half of a cupful of rich milk, and when smoothly thickened, season with salt and pepper. Put carrots and sauce in alternate layers in a baking dish, cover with two-thirds of a cupful of fine dry crumbs mixed with one tablespoonful of melted butter and place in a quick oven until browned.

Dried lima beans should be picked over, washed and soaked for twenty-four hours in cold water, then drained, covered with fresh cold water and simmered very slowly until tender. This will take at least four hours, and they should be seasoned when two-thirds done. Half an hour before serving, thicken by adding a tablespoonful of flour mixed to a thin paste with cold water. If parsley is liked, chop a little very fine and sprinkle over them when in the serving dish.

For the salad use three red beets which have been standing in vinegar for a few hours at least. Wash and dry a bunch of watercress and arrange it in the salad bowl. On this lay the beets out in dice or fancy shapes and sprinkle with a dressing made by mixing four tablespoonfuls of olive oil with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, then slowly adding one tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar.

Early in the day put two-thirds of a cupful of granulated sugar in a clean frying pan. Stir over a moderate fire, using an iron spoon. As it heats the sugar will lump like tapioca, then gradually melt to an amber colored syrup. Do not let it become too dark, or it will be bitter. Pour a portion of this in each small mold or cup, turning the latter around until coated. Fill with a raw custard made with two cupfuls of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and bake in a very moderate oven. Turn out and serve icy cold.